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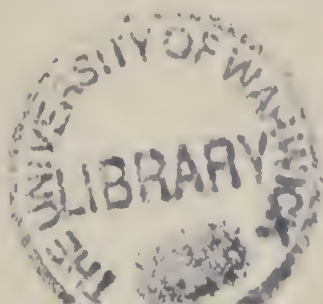
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## KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,  
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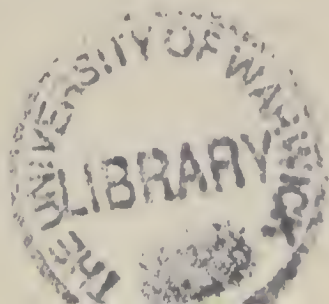
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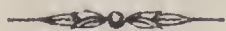
**A PEACOCK'S TALE.**



TO  
GEORGE PEACOCK, ESQ.  
AND  
THE BELLES OF HIS FAMILY.  
IN RECOLLECTION OF THE PLEASANT WEEK  
PASSED IN THEIR SOCIETY, DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1848.  
THIS EXTRAVAGANZA  
IS INSCRIBED BY  
THEIR OBLIGED FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.

---

THE  
KING OF THE PEACOCKS.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pleasure Gardens and Chateau de la Beauté in the Verdant Valley.*

*As the curtain rises to Fairy Music, FAIRY FAITHFUL descends, L., and as soon as she touches the stage, a rose tree opens, R. and FAIRY FICKLE appears ; they meet.*

FICKLE. Well, Fairy Faithful, what's the news with you ?

FAITH. (L.) Ah ! Fairy Faithful, sad as it is true !

FICKLE. Stands Elf Land where it did when I was last there?

FAITH. Alas! poor country! sorry scenes have past there!

Like others it has had its revolution—  
The silly Elves would have a constitution—  
Not seeing that the whole domain of Fairy  
Was nothing if it wasn't visionary.  
King Oberon at first defied opinion,  
And fought for Fancy's absolute dominion—  
But finding modern Science lent her aid  
His fairest passages to barricade,  
He broke his lily sceptre in despair,  
And fled with Queen Titania—Heav'n knows where!

FICKLE. And what of this "*emeute*" was the conclusion?

FAITH. Nothing but anarchy and wild confusion—  
The empire of the Fairies is no more—  
Reason has banished them from ev'ry shore;  
Steam has outstripped their dragons and their cars;  
Gas has eclipsed their glow-worms and their stars.  
Robbed of the legends of their golden age,  
Mortals make sport of them upon the stage;  
And all the poetry of ancient times  
Profane by paltry puns, and doggrel rhymes.

FICKLE. So much the better! Novelty for me  
In any shape—I love a change to see!  
For musty codes I've not the least compassion;  
Let me be anything—but out of fashion!

FAITH. Faithful by nature, as I am by name.  
Such vile inconstancy I view with shame.  
"Good people" we were called in olden days—  
We may be wiser—but not better Fays.

FICKLE. We never did agree—and never can—  
The world turns round—and so, of course, must man.  
Then why should Fairy-land of all we survey,  
Be never in its turn—turned topsy-turvy?  
I'm for the new lights of this wondrous age—  
No Fairy-land—except upon the stage!

FAITH. In my allegiance I will falter never!  
King Oberon and Fairy-land for ever!

DUET,—FAIRY FAITHFUL and FAIRY FICKLE —“Two Merry Gipsies.”

Two rival Fairies are we,  
And we never yet could agree.  
So this vain debate,  
Now to terminate,  
War to the wand let it be.

FAITH. Hither since we both have flown,  
Let the trial of skill be shown.  
In this flowery dell,  
Where the magical spell  
Of each can be worked unknown.

TOGETHER. Two rival Fairies, &c.

FICKLE. War to the wand, then! I will cast a spell  
On the fair sister of King Florizel,  
And set her brain some crotchet running after,  
Which shall make all her doings food for laughter.

FAITH. Be it my task the Princess to defend,  
And, through her trials, be her constant friend.  
To-day she leaves the tow'r in which she has been  
Immured from childhood. She is just fifteen,  
Fresh as a rose, begemm'd with morning dew.

FICKLE. “Fresh as a four year old,” we now say.

FAITH. Pooh!

Her royal brothers come to set her free.

FICKLE. That's liberty and true fraternity.

(FAIRIES retire to R.)

Enter KING FLORIZEL, PRINCE JESSAMY, BARONESS, and  
COURT, L.

FLOR. Fifteen revolving suns have crossed the water,  
Since our late father shut up his sole daughter  
Within yon tow'r, to pass her lonely days,  
And shun the fate foretold by gossip Fays.  
Who trumped up some portentous tale or other  
To frighten into fits our nervous mother.  
But having now succeeded to the crown,



We'll smile at stars, if they attempt to frown,  
 And let the princess freely run about,  
 As her poor mother cannot know she's out.  
 And we have passed our royal word as king,  
 That our fair sister should "come out" this spring.  
 PRINCE. (L.) No longer shall she linger "all amort;"  
 Come, sister, and presented be at Court.

*Opening door of tower, L. C., and leading forward PRINCESS  
 ROSETTA, who is accompanied by the BARONESS VON  
 HUGGERMUGGER.*

ROSETTA. (C.) Insolvent as I am in thanks, affection  
 Tells me in this Court I shall find protection.  
 I take the benefit of the act, but will  
 Count myself, sir, your grateful debtor still.

FLOR. (R.) Sweet sister, we, your brother, moved with  
 pity,  
 Present you with the freedom of the city,  
 Permission our own halls your tent to pitch in—  
 Wine, coals, and candles, and the run of the kitchen.

PRINCE. Our next care, brother, must be to provide  
 A handsome bridegroom for so fair a bride:  
 Some wealthy prince, some mighty king or Kaiser.

ROSETTA. I marry!

FLOR. Marry, why not?

ROSETTA. By-and-bye, sir.

Let me awhile enjoy my liberty:  
 I who through skylights only saw the sky,  
 Am quite enchanted with my mother earth,  
 To whom I have been a stranger from my birth.  
 The hills, the valleys, and the flowery mazes,  
 No end of heartsease, and no lack o' daisies.

(FAIRY FICKLE waves a wand, and a Peacock appears  
 on a branch, R.

And oh! what beauteous bird do I behold,  
 Who yonder does a wondrous tail unfold,  
 Displaying such a sight of eyes the tips in,  
 All spectacles I ever saw eclipsing?

FLOR. 'Tis called a peacock, 'tis the bird of Juno—

ROSETTA. Is there a king of them?

FLOR. Can't say I do know;



without delay

an Angel



He never was such a whim in the



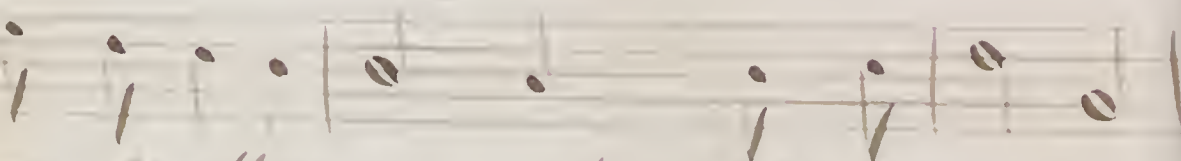
head of a Prince's Royal father & in the King



he wants to wed, would puzzle Friar Bacon



for him her heart goes put a put & some



at all others she could find no King



besides the ear that, excepting the King of the



Peaceable



Sc. 1. KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

9

ROSETTA. I hope there is, for, brother, on my life,  
No other creature shall e'er call me wife!  
I've sworn it.

FLOR. Rash Rosetta, what d'ye mean?

ROSETTA. If there's a King of Peacocks, I'm his Queen.

PRINCE. A King of Peacocks? wildest of vagaries!

FLOR. Oh! rather say the King of the Canaries!  
I think I've heard of him—

ROSETTA. But *I* won't hear  
Of him, or any other.

PRINCE. Dear!

KING. How queer!

ROSETTA. So, brother, if you love me, as you say,  
Find out his majesty without delay.

KING FLORIZEL *and* CHORUS.—AIR,—“Thus when a  
Good Housewife.”

Oh, never was such a whim in the head  
Of a Princess Royal taken,  
How to find the king she wants to wed,  
Would puzzle Friar Bacon.  
For him her heart goes pit-a-pat,  
Her nose up at all others she cocks!  
And for no king does she care—that!  
Excepting the King of the Peacocks.

CHORUS. For him her heart, &c.

FLOR. But, sister, should there no such person be?

ROSETTA. Then I will wed no person.

FLOR. Or, if he  
Should turn out, after all, to be a bird?

ROSETTA. I'll wed him all the same for that.

FLOR. Absurd!

ROSETTA. I don't see that at all—you'll own, at least,  
I'd better wed a bird than wed a beast—  
As far too many hapless women do.

PRINCE. Upon my honour, brother, that is true!  
And by the knightly spurs I daily sigh for,  
This King of Peacocks I'll hunt far and nigh for.  
I swear it to the Peacock and the ladies  
The vow by gallant knights that always made is!

FLOR. Shall I be outdone by my little brother?

No! if you go a-head—I'll go another!

To find a sovereign, I will risk a crown,

And bring my nobles all to ninepence down.

ROSETTA. Oh, happy sister, who can brothers find

Not more than kin, but more, much more than kind.

FLOR. Rosetta, we appoint you Princess Regent,  
During our absence.

ROSETTA. Sir, your most obedient!

I'll rule your kingdom for you, never fear,

Petticoat government's in favour here.

But which road do you take?

FLOR. "The King's-road," till

We come to "the world's end," if 'tis there still—

But the world's been of late so queerly spinning

What was the end may now be the beginning.

However, "Luck's a lord," and may provide

A special train, not found in "Bradshaw's Guide."

AIR,—KING FLORIZEL.—"Norma."

~~RECIT.~~

~~Farewell, dearest Rosetta—come, my brother,  
Let's embrace—another, and yet another.~~

AIR.

If I but this peacock see,

He shall wed you by proxy;

And with delight, intoxi-

Cated, I'll home return.

The bells set a-ringing,

"Old Rose" my subjects singing,

And in the bonfire flinging

The bellows all to burn.

*Exit* KING FLORIZEL and PRINCE JESSAMY, L. U. E.

ROSETTA. So here am I, left in a court to play

At being queen—a fine game, I dare say—

And *apropos* of game, I beg to mention,

To preserve peacocks, it is my intention,

Strictly—whoever dares one kill, or eat,

Shall quickly find such food for him's not meat;







And any daw, in peacock's feathers tricked out,  
Shall of our court immediately be kick'd out.

FAITH. (*advancing and aside*) If such the fate of all in  
borrowed plumes,

How very thin 'twould make some drawing rooms!  
Her love of truth assists my good design;  
Arise, my trusty sprite, in form canine.

FRETILLON *rises suddenly up a trap, L., in the shape of a  
green dog, with one ear—Exit FAIRY FAITHFUL, R.*

ROSETTA. Bless me! what curious creature have we  
here?

BARONESS. A green dog, madam—and with but one ear!  
The horrid fright.

ROSETTA. Say rather odd and funny—

For such a poodle, I'd give any money.  
Dressed in a ruff, too, and a scarlet jerkin,  
Like Punch's Toby! green though as a gherkin:  
Poor fellow, see how prettily he begs,

(FRETILLON *begs and dances.*

And dances, too, upon his hinder legs.

BARONESS. The little monster is as green as spinach,  
Bred in the Isle of Dogs, just facing Greenwich;  
Where at the fair, no doubt they have often shown  
him.

ROSETTA. To whom does he belong? does no one own  
him?

Then I will, for the darling's worth a million!

Upon his collar is a name "Fretillon!"

Fretillon! there, he answers to it, see!

My pretty Fretty, will you follow me?

(FRETILLON *barks and bows.*

No dog could bark a plainer "yes," I vow,

And what a bow he makes for a bow-wow.

I'll have him daily washed, and combed, and shaved.

There never was a dog so well behaved;

He'll make the best of courtiers, I expect,

Despite his odd auricular defect.

AIR—PRINCESS ROSETTA AND CHORUS.—"Bow-wow."

This dog has but one ear, and so his memory may bother  
one.

For what goes in at that one ear, cannot go out at t'other one,  
 But then he has two qualities, on which to place dependence,  
 'There's none at court can better beg or longer dance attendance.

CHORUS. Bow, wow, wow. Tol de riddle, &c.

PRINCESS ROSETTA *dances round the stage, followed by the DOG, then goes off, followed by the BARONESS and all the COURT, L. U. E.*

---

SCENE SECOND.—*The Old Original World's End.*

*Enter KING FLORIZEL and PRINCE JESSAMY, R.*

FLOR. This farthest shore, washed by the farthest sea,  
 Was once supposed the old world's end to be.

And hereabouts is Queen Mab's house of call—

PRINCE. Or, where it used to stand, like Hicks's hall.

FLOR. True; for from hence all fairy ground is measured  
 And back fare paid to sites in memory treasured,  
 When nurse and grand dame told their tales of  
 mystery,  
 Before the new "child's night lights" dawned 'on  
 history;  
 The march of intellect is quite terrific,  
 No tales tell now unless they're scientific.

SONG—KING FLORIZEL.

AIR—*Page's song in "The Huguenots"—Meyerbeer.*

No, no, no,  
 No little books bound in gilt paper,  
 At Tabart's or at Tegg's,  
 Now tell how Jack made Giants caper,  
 Nor how sly Puss in boots, when funds ran taper,  
 His cat's paw made of use.  
 Percinet forgets his duty—  
 Wide awake, the Sleeping Beauty,



May's del. + Co  
Albany, N.Y.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. A large number '3' is written above the first measure. The notation consists of several measures of music, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

No, no, no, no, no little book found

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing from the previous staff. It features various note values and rests.

in gilt paper at Tabart's or at Feggs', now tell how

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

back under private papers How - - - nor, nor, nor

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

nor how sly Puss in boots, when fun's an taper

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody. A large number '2' is written above the staff towards the end.

His cat's paw made of use Perseus for =

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

to be duty Wake a-wake the sleeping beauty

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

How would teach another goose how to suck

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

golden eggs! No, no, no, no, no you are

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the melody.

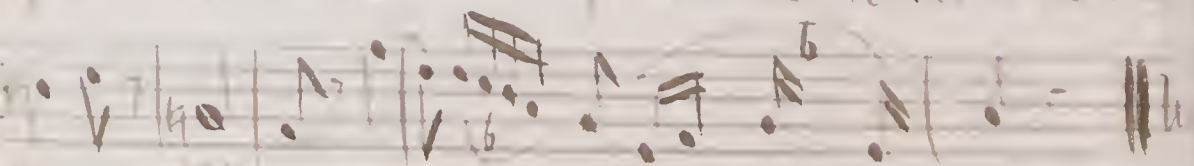
Mother Bunch's glories Their wonder and their



fun. I was f'd by Peter Parley's stories all



of all the little Jack, of all the little Jack-



Man's. The story The story now is done!

Now would teach Mother Goose  
How to suck golden eggs!  
Gone are Mother Bunch's glories.  
Their wonder and their fun,  
Swamp'd by Peter Parley's stories—  
Of all the little Jack-a-Norys,  
The Story now is done!

Here on the verge of fancy, with facility,  
We can o'erlook the bounds of probability.  
But to inquire our way, we must begin.

PRINCE. Without a house we can't "inquire within."

FLOR. No mortal can I see upon this coast,  
Nor upon either hand, a finger post.  
No rail, no road, no carriage—but oh, my!  
Here comes a most extraordinary Fly!

PRINCE. A most extraordinary Fly-man rather—  
Of all the Daddy-long-legs, sure the father.

*Enter MAY-FLY, L.*

MAY-FLY.—AIR—"I'd be a Butterfly."

Start not, I'm but a fly,  
Come for an hour,  
To Paul Pry about after anything sweet.  
In Fairy Land I'm thought,  
Of May-flies the flower.  
A *lusus naturæ* remarkably neat.  
If there is anything, sir, in my power,  
I shall be happy your wishes to meet;  
For though I am but a fly out on a *tour*,  
I don't stand on trifles with such legs and feet.

In the land that I've flown from,  
What here you call dumb things,  
Are commonly blest with the gift of the gab.  
Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Insects,  
Do all sorts of rum things;  
And leaves are loquacious,  
And blossoms can blab,  
Besides, you've in town had a talking Canary,  
And a mouse that indulged in a musical vein



And I know a Blue-bottle who lodged in the area,  
Of the Old Whistling Oyster, close by Drury Lane

FLOR. There couldn't be a May-fly more polite.

MAY-FLY. Embrace me !

FLOR. Willingly, if you don't bite.

MAY-FLY. Not I ; a May-fly neither bites nor stings,  
Come to my arms—that is, my legs and wings.

*(they embrace)*

FLOR. Pray can you tell us where, on any ground,  
There is a King of Peacocks to be found ?

MAY-FLY. The King of Peacocks ! to be sure I can—  
A friend of mine, a very fine young man !

PRINCE. Young man ! he hasn't wings then like a bird ?

MAY-FLY. No, but " the sweetest voice I ever heard,"  
Like Sterne's " Maria."

PRINCE. What a well-read Fly !

Some book-worm must have bred him certainly.

FLOR. And are his subjects men and women ?

MAY-FLY. All,  
Except the babbies.

FLOR. Wherefore do they call  
Him King of the Peacocks then ?

MAY-FLY. A title merely.  
The King of Bantam's not a bantam.

FLOR. Clearly.

MAY-FLY. The Emperor of Turkey's not a turkey.

FLOR. Granted—but still the reason's somewhat murky.

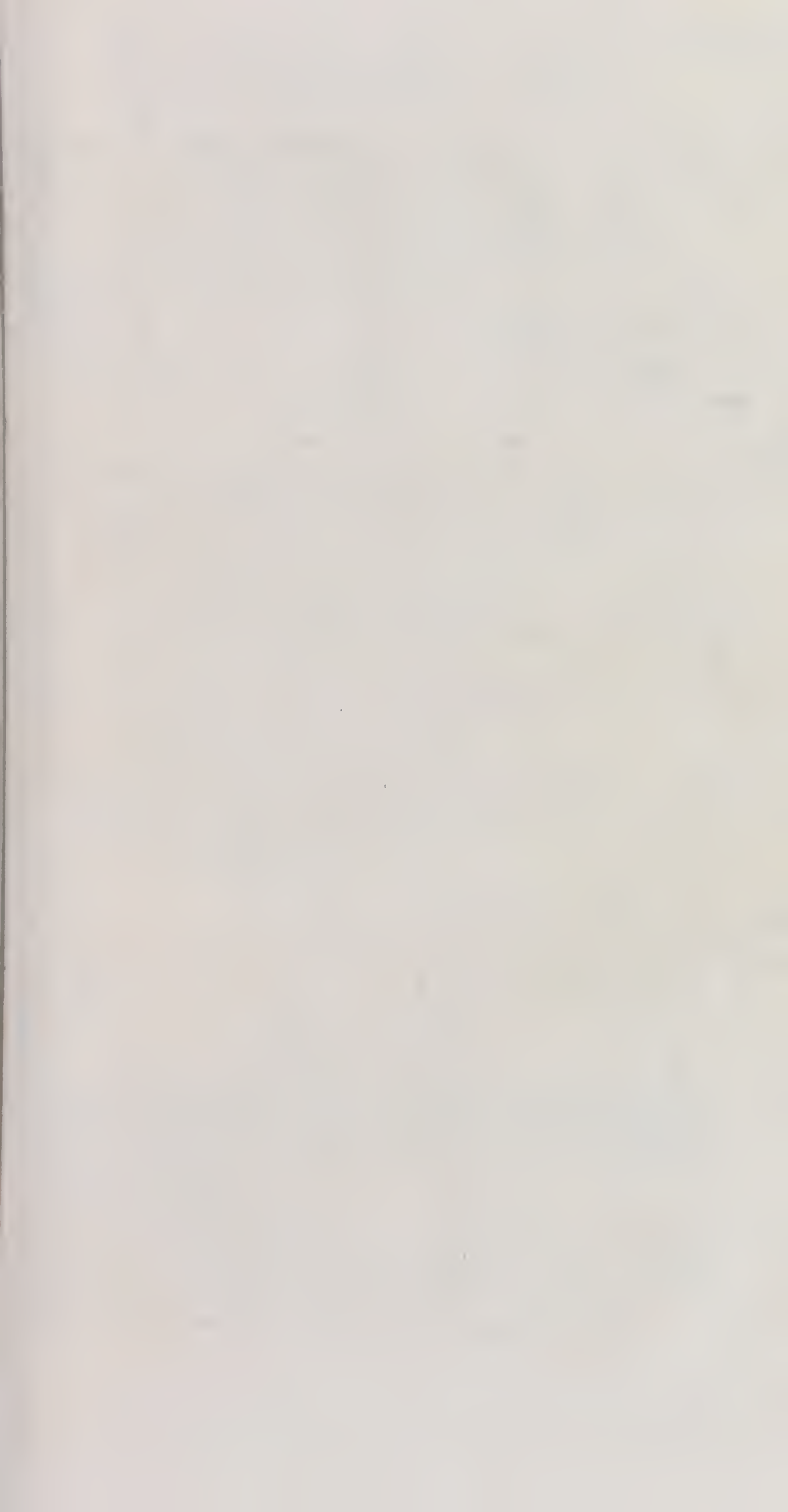
MAY-FLY. His name is Argus, surnamed Brilliant-eyed,  
His royal arms, a peacock in its pride ;  
Peacockia is the land o'er which he reigns,  
And full of peacocks are its groves and plains ;  
His coach of state is drawn by six fine pair,  
And peacocks' plumes his guards and pages wear ;  
Even his gallant tars, whate'er the weather,  
Are scarcely so much tar as they are feather.

FLOR. And can we reach Peacockia by this route ?

MAY-FLY. Yes, but you've gone a long way round about  
As the bird flies it's scarcely a stone's throw.

PRINCE. But as we're not birds, we that road can't go.

MAY-FLY. Well, if you like to hire a fly, I'm ready.  
My springs are easy, and my pace is steady.



Maye Doubt  
Come Flow & Mingle

May fly and as on golden wings to the

And you know as well I trust to work him free so

humorous and their knee cuts such a swell there we

tell him the simple story of the sister in whose

we play. *Bene* May fly and as on golden

humorous to the land you know as well, to the land

you know as well to the land you know as

well to the land - You know as well



I'll take you both, and never stop to bait,  
And set you down close by the city gate.

FLOR. And what will be your charge for so much trouble?

MAY-FLY. Well, two bobs and a tizzy!

FLOR. I'll give double!

DUO—FLORIZEL and MAY-FLY.—AIR—"Fancy  
Waft Me."

FLOR. May-fly waft me, on golden pinions  
To the land you know so well,  
Where the Peacocks have their dominions  
And their King cuts such a swell.  
There we'll tell him the simple story  
Of the sister in whom we glory,  
May-fly waft us, &c.

MAY-FLY. Yes, I'll waft you to that dominion,  
And the Peacock's Crown Hotel,  
For you've risen in my opinion,  
Since so nobly out you shell.  
Don't be afraid of falling,  
Off his stand a fly thus calling—  
Safe he'll waft you, &c.

*Exeunt, L.—the scene sinks and discovers*

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SCENE THIRD.—*Gates of the City, and Palace of the  
King of the Peacocks.*

*Grand March and Procession.—Enter KING OF THE PEACOCKS, C. in a car drawn by Twelve Peacocks, attended by GUARDS and BANNERS, &c.—and from L., MAY-FLY, FLORIZEL, and PRINCE JESSAMY—MAY-FLY advances, L. C.*

ARGUS. Who interrupts us in our expedition?

MAY-FLY. Two foreign gentlemen, who crave permission,  
To pay their homage to Peacockia's King.

ARGUS. I'm glad to see folks who'll pay anything,

— In these disjointed times. Who may you be,  
And of what nation?

FLOR. Mighty monareh, we  
Are like yourself, of royal birth.

— ARGUS. Indeed!

FLOR. I am King Florizel.

— ARGUS. A King! proceed.

FLOR. This is Prince Jessamy, my only brother,  
Because—

— ARGUS. Because you haven't got another.

FLOR. Exactly so, but I've a sister, who  
Has fallen, strange to say, in love with you.

— ARGUS. How, "Strange to say?" That's scarce polite.  
what mean you?

FLOR. 'Twould not be strange, sir, if she'd ever seen you,  
But at this date, she knows no more that there is  
A King of Peacocks, than a Mrs. Harris.

Charmed by one bird, such as you drive a team of,  
No other husband but their king, she'd dream of.

— ARGUS. (*aside*) They must be lunatics, or will be soon.  
(*to MAY-FLY*) Pray did you bring these beauties  
from the moon?

MAY-FLY. No, from the world's end.

— ARGUS. Take them back to find  
Their wits, which they have lost, or left behind.

FLOR. We've therefore travelled to this new-formed  
land,

To offer you our dearest sister's hand.

— ARGUS. Your offer is most liberal, I grant.

FLOR. And you accept—

— ARGUS. Unfortunately can't!

PRINCE. Don't say you can't!

— ARGUS. Well, if you like it better,  
I'll say I sha'nt.

FLOR. Shan't wed Princess Rosetta!  
Look on her picture ere you plump refuse her.

— ARGUS. (*aside*) I've no doubt she's as ugly as Medusa!  
(*giving miniature.*)

(*opening, and starting.*)  
Oh! all ye lovely loves, and gracious graces!  
My heart is wounded in a thousand places.

A frontispiece so fair has never been  
 To an earthly book of beauty seen !  
 For one neck half so white, I'll take my oath,  
 The swan with two necks would have given both.  
 Ringlets, "The fair one with the Golden Hair ;"  
 Had shaved her own, a wig of such to wear !  
 Two lips from rose leaves, which have learned their  
 parts ;

Eyes, that are hooks and eyes, to fasten hearts !  
 Two Cupid's arrows, 'neath two Cupid's bows !  
 And then a nose—oh ! Goodness knows ! it blows  
 All other noses clean out of the water !  
 And is this miracle—your father's daughter ?

~~FLOR.~~ My father's wife said so—and those who doubt it  
 Had better not say anything about it !

~~ARGUS.~~ I'll only say, if such your sister's face,  
 Your offer I'm delighted to embrace,  
 And shall not rest till I embrace her too !

PRINCE. (L.) We'll fetch her.

~~ARGUS.~~ (R. C.) No ! deuce fetch me if you do.  
 You are my prisoners. If she's as handsome  
 As she is painted, her hand pays your ransom ;  
 But if not so confess'd by all beholders  
 I'll have your faces taken off your shoulders !

(crosses R.)

FLOR. A bargain ! I agree to this ;

PRINCE. And I.

But who shall fetch her ?

~~ARGUS.~~ (R.) Why not send the Fly  
 That brought you hither, back for her ?

FLOR. Hold there !

For such a carriage she's too high a fair ;  
 Besides her very sight might quite upset him.

PRINCE. Suppose we write a letter, and just let him  
 Drop it as he goes by our door.

FLOR. My ring

Will do as well. (*giving it*) Go ! say we've found the  
 king

We sought for—that our point we've with him  
 carried ;

And beg she'll come at once here to be married.



PRINCE. No word of our condition, it might scare her,  
And spoil her looks.

MAY-FLY But who's to pay the bearer?

ARGUS. Here is an order on my treasury, (crosses R.  
So put your best foot foremost, Fly, and fly.

KING ARGUS.—AIR.—“Ma Brunetta.”

Fly good Fly to my Rosetta,  
Bid her haste to get—a—  
Board her gondoletta.  
In a fever say I fret—ah—  
Which she alone can cure  
I'm *Peacock* sure !  
If the sweet eyes on which I'm gazing  
Have such a power at second sight,  
How will they set my bosom blazing,  
Beaming with Love's electric light !  
How will her cheeks of living posies,  
Put to the blush this painted pair,  
And prove a real “Feast of Roses,”  
In lieu of but a “Fancy Fair.”  
Fly, good fly, &c.

TUTTI.

Fly, good fly, to  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{our} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$  Rosetta, &c.

Bid her haste, &c.

Bid her, &c.

Say, the wound with which he's met—ah—

She alone can cure,

He's *Peacock* sure.

*Exit* MAY-FLY.—scene closes on Tableau.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Home Park in the Verdant Valley.*

*Enter ROSETTA and BARONESS, L.*

BARONESS. Madam, affairs of weight demand your care.

ROSETTA. Tell my Prime Minister that's his affair ;

If weighty matters on my head must fall,

My minister I shan't think prime at all !

Where is my Fretillon, my darling pet ?

BARONESS. Madam, your dignity you quite forget.

ROSETTA. Don't talk of dignity and state to me,

In neither any happiness I see !

Of politics I can't discern the merits,

And this eternal reigning damps my spirits.

I'd rather roam the fields, and dance the hay

With my dear dog —

BARONESS. Your dog has had his day.

To higher objects you should turn your mind,

And let him turn a-spit.

ROSETTA. He's too refined

For such a service ! No base cur is he,

But most distinguished for his curtesy.

As hateful to me as my old dark tower,

Were my gay bower, without my sweet bow-wow-er.

PRINCESS ROSETTA.—AIR—"My Dog and my Gun."

On matters of state

Let others debate

For pleasure to me it is none ;

I care not a jot

For plan or for plot,

Whilst I have my dog and my fun.

BARONESS. 'Tis really too bad that this vile green poodle,

Should of your Royal Highness make a noodle !

Pardon my freedom—but by me brought up, I

Can't see you blindly led by such a puppy.

ROSETTA. He is no puppy—but were such the case,

Are puppies in a court so out of place ?

Or was there never princess known before

Who prized a puppy far beyond a bore ?

(FRETILLON barks without, R.)

Hark! that's his bark, he bounds yon streamlet by,  
What is he ehasing?

BARONESS. An enormous Fly.

ROSETTA. He's caught it too!

MAY-FLY. (*without*, R.) Oh! you young dog, don't bite so.

ROSETTA. A fly that speaks! amazing, ain't it?

BARONESS. Quite so.

*Enter FRETILLON with MAY-FLY, R.*

MAY-FLY. Madam, pray call your dog off from my shanks.

ROSETTA. Fretillon! let go, sir, directly!

MAY-FLY. Thanks.

ROSETTA. Exeuse his zeal: you're not an every day Fly.

MAY-FLY. No! I'm a Maudragon, or Fair-May-Fly,

Order Neuroptera—the rarest known,

Even in Fairy Land, from whence I've flown.

Not found in any work on Entomology,

But for my presence this is my apology.

(*gives ring*)

ROSETTA. My brother's signet—he's alive and well?

MAY-FLY. Health to his sister sends King Florizel.

The sovereign of the Peaeocks he has seen

Who begs you'll hasten to become his Queen.

MAY-FLY.—AIR—"Lord Lovell."

King Florizel stood at the Old World's end,  
A wondering how to proceed,  
When who but I should chance to come by,  
A flying at pretty good speed—good speed, &c.

"Oh, where are you going Lord love ye," I sa

"And what did you come for to see?"

"The King of the Peacocks," he answered,

"If you can tell where he may be—may be."

I told him I could and I'd take him safe there,  
With his brother—for half-a-crown.

And he said like a King, he would double the fare,  
And he paid without stickling down—down, down.



I flew and I flew with them off like a shot ;  
To the King of the Peacock's Empire,  
Where they show'd him a picture of you they had got,  
Which his Majesty much did admire—mire, mire.

And so with this ring, I was bid to take wing,  
As they'd no time to write you a letter ;  
And say if you mean to become a great Queen,  
The sooner you *be* come—the better, better, better.

ROSETTA. Oh, joyful news ! Become his queen, indeed !  
Ay, that I will, with all becoming speed !  
But whereabouts may his dominions be ?  
And how am I to go, by land or sea ?

MAY-FLY. By sea—this chart will tell you how to steer,  
By public laugh to 'scape each *private* tear,  
What points to make, what straits you'll have to  
run thro',

And what confounded flats you may be done thro'.

ROSETTA. 'Tis well, no dangers shall my heart appal,  
A Chinese junk lies moored near yon black wall,  
I'll with her cable give my train the slip,  
And get her anchor, and myself, a trip.  
Go fetch the captain, there's a good dog, hie !

*Exit* FRETILLON, L.

And you, good honey nurse, upon the sly,  
Haste to my wardrobe, pack up all my traps,—  
For such indeed, are women's gowns and caps !—  
With me, I shall but take you and your daughter,  
And my dear dog, who like a duck takes water !

BARONESS. Were it not well to weigh the consequence ?

ROSETTA. I will weigh nothing but the anchor, hence.

*Exit* BARONESS, R.

Now don't go buzzing this about, Fly.

MAY-FLY.

Mum.

But here I take it is the captain come.

*Enter* FRETILLON, with POO-LEE-HA-LEE, L.

TRIO.—ROSETTA, POO-LEE-HA-LEE, AND MAY-FLY.

ROSETTA.—AIR—"John Highland Man."

John Chinaman, I wish to go,  
To a land, perhaps, which you don't know.

But I'll pay you well, if you'll aid my plan,  
 And take me aboard of your Chinaman !  
 Sing hey, my good John Chinaman ;  
 Sing ho, my brave John Chinaman ;  
 In short, sing what you like, or can,  
 But don't say "no," John Chinaman !

Poo-LEE-HA-LEE.—AIR—"Bronze Horse."

"Sing hi !" "sing ho !" if you sing so,  
 Chineese lingo you seem to know ;  
 So yeo—heave ho ! I swear by Fo !  
 To fare so fair, I can't say no.  
 Blow high, blow low, the junk shall go,  
 Where e'er you show, the wish to row.  
 The Bronze horse he, an ass would be  
 Compared to the junk going free,  
 Which o'er the sea, skips like a flea,  
 So follow me—Poo-lee-ha-lee.

*Exeunt* Poo-LEE-HA-LEE and ROSETTA, L.

MAY-FLY to FRETILLON.—AIR—"The Three Flies."

Now you young dog, about to roam,  
 Take my advice and stay at home ;  
 For 'twixt ourselves, I warn you now,  
 These Chinese people eat "bow wow."  
 And some fine day, it's likely you,  
 May find yourself in such a stew ;  
 So take this lesson from a fly—  
 They'll think you quite a luxury.

(*The DOG and FLY polk round the stage and off*, L.

---

#### SCENE FIFTH.—*Deck of the Chinese Junk.*

Poo-LEE-HA-LEE discovered assisting the PRINCESS on board. The CHINESE SAILORS assist the BARONESS and RUMFIZINA, and the DOG jumps on board—luggage, &c., is brought over the side and taken off L. 2 E.—Seats

R. and L., with a mattress, R. U. E, a large mantle is placed near it.

ROSETTA. Now good, sweet nurse, why dost thou look so sad !

BARONESS. Fie ! how my bones ache, what a job I've had !

ROSETTA. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.

BARONESS. I feel so very poorly, you can't tell.

My head spins round so, I can scarcely see things,  
Amongst this ugly set of China tea things ;  
At every breath of wind my fear increases,  
The slightest shock may break 'em all to pieces.

Poo. Avast there, ma'am, (*crosses to c.*) I say the best of Jack Tars

Are those who, 'mongst the breakers, prove they're crack tars.

ROSETTA. I'm sure I hope you'll all remain whole sailors,  
Though by your heads, you look more like retailers.

Poo. Ay, ay ! we're never out of pig-tail here,  
And scud under bare poles, ma'am, without fear ;  
Our ship's so handled no sea ever swamp't her,  
For each man knows his cue without a prompter.

ROSETTA. Captain, upon my word, you rather smart are.  
Are you an English tar ?

Poo. No, I'm a Tar-tar.

ROSETTA. Born at Canton, perhaps, or Hong Kong ?

Poo. No,

At Chel-sea, but my dad came from Ning-Po.  
He sailed to England one fine day in spring,  
And there he saw the beautiful Nan King,  
Who kept a china chop in Cheyne Walk.  
He never told his love, he couldn't talk  
English, so he made signals, but so plain,  
She understood, and answered him again.  
And so they married, to his signal joy,  
And I was born a little *Peeking Boy*.  
But now a seaman stout all danger in  
A daring man though not a Mandarin.

Poo-LEE-HA-LEE.—AIR—"Jolly Young Waterman."

Oh, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young Waterman.  
Who near Blackfriars-bridge used for to ply ?



Because, if you did, 'twouldn't take much dexterity,  
To prove that young Waterman, ma'am, wasn't I.  
He looked so neat, and he rowed so steadily,  
Such a mistake might have been made readily.  
But your oath you may take before any Lord Mayor,  
That this here young Waterman wasn't that there.

ROSETTA. And what came of your father and your mother ?

Poo. Why after me, there came my little brother.

ROSETTA. No, no ? I mean what was their fate, their lot ?

Poo. Went back first to Ning-Po, and then to Pot.

Made prisoners by a horde of Manchoos grim,  
The wretches toasted her and roasted him !

ROSETTA. Poor bodies !

BARONESS. Captain ! how long shall we be ?

I'm sick of seeing nothing but the sea !

Poo. We're but just out of port.

BARONESS. Then bring some sherry,

For I feel qualmish.

ROSETTA. Nay, sweet nurse, be merry.

SAILOR. Land captain !

Poo. Land ! Where ?

SAILOR. On the starboard bow.

BARONESS. Yes, land, by all means—anywhere or how.

Poo. Impossible !—my glass. (SAILOR gives it) We can't  
be nigh land—

It's moving !

ROSETTA. Some quick sand or floating island !

Poo. A chain of mountains, going through the water,  
And bearing fast down on our weather quarter !

ROSETTA. No, 'tis alive !—some black leg of the deep,  
Gambling and sporting—a sea monster sweep !

Poo. Tell that to the marines ! A bet I'll lay

It's the sea serpent, spoken by Mc Quae !

And if he's in a sweep for sporting folks,

It won't be for the Derby—but the Hoax !

Yes ! there's his head !—no one e'er saw his tail !

BARONESS. What is he like ?

Poo

Why, very like a whale !

(the Sea Serpent heaves in sight,)

I'll hail him ! Snake, a-hoy !



SERPENT.

The same to you !

And many of 'em !

POO.

Where are you bound to ?

SERPENT. The Admiralty—I am rather late,

Promised to dine with the First Lord at eight.

ROSETTA. Dine at the Admiralty ! with the First Lord !

POO. Not the first odd fish they've seen at their board.

And he can tell 'em something 'bout the ocean,

Of which some naval lords ne'er had a notion,

*Exit SERPENT, SAILORS retire.*

ROSETTA. It's getting dark, I feel inclined to sleep ;

Deeply I'll slumber on the slumbering deep !

Spread, Baroness, our royal mantle o'er us

Here on the deck—

POO.

Will that be thought *decorous* ?

ROSETTA. No matter—I cannot turn in below—

That horrid berth would be my death, I know !

Here will I lie to-night, and you, my sweet,

My faithful Fretillon, lie at my feet.

*Music.—ROSETTA stretches herself on a mattress, R. which is placed on the deck.—FRETILLON lies at her feet.—**The BARONESS covers her over.—FAIRY FICKLE appears**L. U. E.—BARONESS sits L. U. E.*

FICKLE. Now is the witching time of night, in which

Those who are wicked may behave as sich.

Into yon nurse's brain a sudden thought I call,

So naughty, it must needs be nautical.

*(waves her wand over the BARONESS's head, L. U. E. and exit.*BARONESS. Something shot through my head ! It seems  
confused too—

It must be an idea, which I'm not used to.

It is a bright idea, yet a dark one.

She sleeps ; there's nobody about to mark one.

Hist, Captain ! sure the coast we must be nearing ?

POO. Not yet, ma'am.

BARONESS.

Step this way, just out of hearing.

POO. Ay, ay, ma'am.

BARONESS.

Tell me candidly—

POO.

Well, what ?

BARONESS. Would you just join me in a little plot,  
To make a little fortune with much ease?

POO. I'd rather make a great one, if you please.

BARONESS. Then say a great one.

POO. Then I'll not say no.

BARONESS. You'll not betray your friend?

POO. I swear by Fo!

If I betray you, shiver all my chop sticks!

So out with whatsoever in your crop sticks.

BARONESS. The matter's delicate, I must confess—

Help me to make away with the princess!

POO. To make away!

BARONESS. Ay, pop her in the water,  
And make a way to empire for my daughter.

POO. How?

BARONESS. To the King of Peacocks we will carry her,  
And as Princess Rosetta he will marry her.

POO. Will he? Suppose he don't?

BARONESS. Oh, don't suppose  
Any such thing! When drest in her fine clothes,  
My girl will look as well as she, and better.  
Fine feathers make fine birds! You'll drown Rosetta?

POO. I must drown something else first.

BARONESS. What, the dog?

POO. No, ma'am, my conscience.

BARONESS. So you shall, in grog!  
I've in this case some rare Jamaica rum.

POO. Well, in that case, then, hand us over some.

BARONESS. Just clap your nose to it.

POO. (*smelling*) Oh, crikey, Bill!

BARONESS. Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
For if your head were fifty times as strong,  
'Twould make you tipsy, neat.

POO. (*tossing it off*) Your health and song.

BARONESS. (*aside*) Good gracious! half the bottle down  
he sent.

He's a rum customer to some extent!

(*aloud*) You'll do the deed?

POO. I've lost my perpendicular!

Won't it be murder?

BARONESS. Folks who are particular

Might call it so—but in these tasteful times

—There are so many pretty names for crimes ;

We needn't surely pick out the most plain.

Poo. I feel my scruples will not weigh a grain

When put into the scale against this dram.

BARONESS. Are you resolved ?

Poo. Another pull. (*drinks*) I am !

I'm as ferocious as a Sallee rover !

Come, bear a hand, and we'll soon pitch her over ?

BARONESS. Just as she lies, and with her nasty dog.

Poo. Oh, I'll pitch over anything for grog.

*They fling the PRINCESS and DOG over on the mattress—  
the day begins to appear.*

BARONESS. I call that giving the poor girl a lift.

Poo. I'm not so drunk but I can see her drift

To leeward fast.

(*DOG barks.*)

BARONESS. Her whelp's awake though. Hark !

Poo. Well, let her try and get aboard that bark.

BARONESS. We're just in time, for day is breaking. Lud !

And I can see the land, as clear as mud !

*Enter SAILORS.*

And walls and towers rise on the horizon.

I'll go below, and out my daughter dizen.

We mustn't stand on trifles with the king.

Poo. Me ! I can scarcely stand on anything !

SAILOR. A sail ! A sail !

BARONESS. Two ! three ! A royal fleet !

The king has put to sea, the junk to meet !

My daughter—let me hasten to enrobe her.

*Exit, L. 2 E*

Poo. I'm very much afraid I'm growing sober,

Conscience is making signals of distress.

I've lost that girl the number of her mess,

And got myself perhaps into a sad one,

Besides the bargain—but that's not a bad one.

The prize brought home, I shall have gold galore.

I'll cut the junk, and eat salt junk no more ;

On dainty dishes be a daily diner,

And drive the grandest coach in Cochin China.



*Music—The Royal Galley comes alongside the Junk—All the COURT come over the side, and receive the KING OF THE PEACOCKS, who is followed by his GUARDS.*

ARGUS. My fond impatience would not brook delay :  
Where is the lovely princess, captain, say ?

AIR.—KING ARGUS.—“ All in the Downs.”

All in the Downs I long lay moored,  
A-waiting for an answer kind,  
Until I felt completely bored,  
And not quite easy in my mind.  
So tell me, Captain, if you're not too drunk,  
If my sweet princess sailed on board your junk ?

Poo. An' please your majesty, she's being drest  
In all her colours—rigged out in her best.

ARGUS. What need of gilding such refined gold ?  
Is she as beautiful as we've been told ?

Poo. She wears a veil, and so I couldn't twig her  
Face, but folks say that she's a perfect figure.

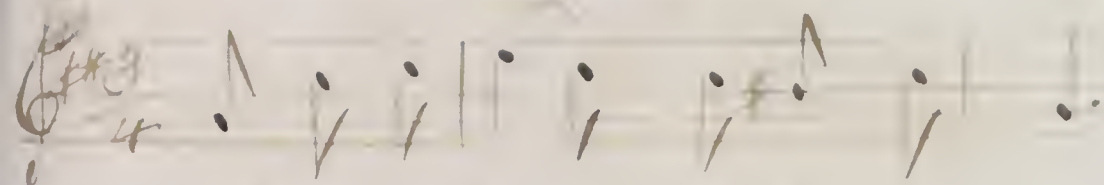
AIR AND CHORUS.—KING ARGUS.—“ The Breeze.”  
(*From the Opera of “ Haidée.”*)

Bride cake and favours—  
Cards at the engraver's—  
License and settlements all ready too ;  
Crowds crying “ Heyday !  
Where is the lady ?  
Here is the *sail*, and she's not ‘ on view ! ’ ”  
Wherefore is she staying ?  
What's in the wind, that she's so long delaying ?  
I shall the deuce very soon be for playing,  
Kicking up a breeze, and off if once I go—  
Blow up, blow up—I *can* blow up, you know.  
Up and down leaping,  
My heart is keeping,  
Like a baby jumper—that invention new.

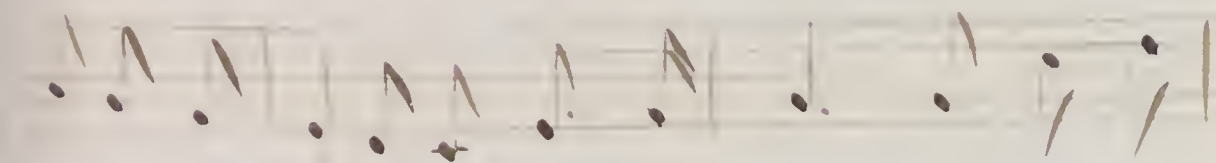


Captain Jay,

Alc. King August



All in the morning I long by myself



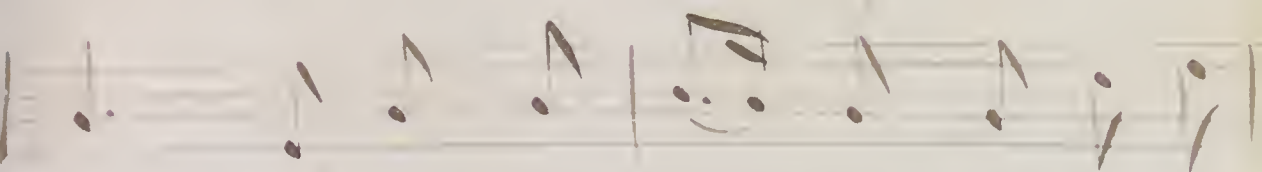
awaiting for an answer but the till



get completely bored and not put anything in my



mind. I tell me Captain if you're not too



drunk of my sweet / mess of my love



princeps failed on board your junk.



What, the deuce take 'em,  
 So long can make 'em?  
 Here must I wait till all is blue?  
 Can sweet Rosetta fear me?  
 Play up, my minstrels, something gay to cheer me!  
 Hark! now she's coming—no she isn't—dear me!  
 Call her if you please, or really I must go.  
 Halloa, halloa! come tumble up, halloa!

Poo. (*aside*) Stand by for squalls, now! (*aloud*) Here she comes, full sail!

*Enter RUMFIZINA, richly attired, and veiled, conducted by the BARONESS.*

—ARGUS. Pearl of thy sex, remove that envious veil. *(the BARONESS removes it.)*

Fire! murder! thieves! I'm lost—I'm robbed—I'm sold!

BARONESS. What ails your majesty? Your bride behold!

—ARGUS. Avaunt! and quit my sight—let the earth hide her!

My bride! I'd rather wed a bottle spider!

BARONESS. My liege, you scare her highness—pray compose—

—ARGUS. Scare her! she's much more like to scare the crows.

And if I did her justice, she should feed 'em,  
 For taking with my sight so rude a freedom!

Go, clap the hideous creature under hatches,

There let her brood till she this portrait matches.

BARONESS. Sire, spurn you thus a tender maid, and regal?

—ARGUS. Yes, woman, for the tender made's not legal,

And you shall share her fate on board *this* tender!

BARONESS. Mercy!

—ARGUS. No mercy for an *old* offender.

Away with them.

GUARDS *take off* BARONESS and RUMFIZINA, L. 2 E.

Poo. (*aside*) They're taken quite aback,

It's time to sail upon the other tack.



—ARGUS. And you who brought this greatest of humbugs,  
Don't make at me your ugly China mugs!  
Down on your Chinese knees, or for this mockery,  
I'll have you smashed to bits like so much crockery.

Poo. (*kneeling*) Illustrious brother of all suns and moons—

—ARGUS. Peace, I'm ashamed, a set of vile tea-spoons  
Should stir up in my soul so fierce an eddy.  
Go, go to Bath! your heads are shaved already!  
But for the vile impostors who could try  
To play the knave on such a king as I.  
I'll have their skins made parchment for a drum,  
And so tatooed to death—oh, you are come!

*Enter FLORIZEL and PRINCE JESSAMY, over side of vessel.*

FLOR. (R. C.) Where is Rosetta?

PRINCE.

Where's our lovely sister!

—ARGUS. Upon your tongue that fib should raise a blister?

I'll teach you rogues, to poke your fun at me,  
Your sister's uglier than a Chimpanzee?

FLOR. Back in thy teeth, proud king, I fling the fib!  
She's fair as day.

Poo. Then some one's fouled her jib!

FLOR. What says the fellow?

Poo. Why, in all my days,  
An uglier craft I never saw in stays.

—ARGUS. You may say craft.

FLOR. With wonder I'm a fixture,  
You talk of craft, (*crosses to c.*) you spurious Howqua  
mixture,

You half seas over Chelsea China Waterman!

You never saw my sister, much less brought her,  
man!

Great king, as sure as yonder sail's bamboo,

This bamboo sailor would bamboozle you!

Spare us a week, and if within that time

Our real sister reach not this fair clime,

And prove she's peerless, we're content to die.

—ARGUS. One week is nothing, to one strong as I,

'Tis therefore granted. To the dungeon keep

You both shall march, and there fall in two deep,

Plunged in it's lowest cell 'twill be admitted,  
Whate'er your crime, you are profoundly *pitied*.  
(*they are taken off by the GUARDS, L. 2 E.—KING ARGUS  
beckons on his CREW from his barge alongside*)  
This floating tea chest, as your prize, lads, seize,  
Make her a jolly-boat, which way you please.  
*Exit, L. 2 E.—Grand Naval Quadrille.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*All-right Bay and Point to come in.*

*Enter O'DONT-KNOW-WHO, from hut, R.*

O'DONT. I'll be obliged to give my valy warning,  
There have I been two hours this blessed morning,  
Bawling and swearing, and enough to make me,  
Because that villain wouldn't come and wake me.  
And who's my "Valy?" Faith you may ask that.  
I keep no man alive, except the cat,  
And he died yesterday for want of meat;  
That's fish of course—there's nothing else to eat  
Upon this coast—and though I coax 'em daily,  
They won't fork out, they're so uncommon scaly.  
I can scarce keep a soul in my old body;  
Oh, to leave London wasn't I a noddy?  
There, as a waterman, I'd lots to eat,  
For 'twas at a cab stand in Conduit Street.  
And talk of fish! I'd like to see the coves  
That wouldn't be content with Mr. Groves,

AIR.—“The Groves of Blarney.”

At Groves's in Bond Street, they are so charming,  
Fresh taken out of the purling brooks ;  
There's trout and salmon, a playing back gammon,  
Upon the counter so clean that looks.  
Near there the lover of snipe and plover,  
May suit himself also to a hare.  
Beside the pheasant, and the partridge pleasant,  
All hanging up in the open air.

There's venison gracing that noble place in,  
With cod and turbot, and sometimes chub ;  
And oysters that is so good for patties,  
And the comely eel in the water tub.  
The sweet Thames flounder with lobsters round her,  
Alive and frisky you'll see so fine.  
Oh, more's the pity I've left that city,  
To set up here in the fishing line.

But sorra a tear I'll shed ; grief's unavailing,  
Leave those to blubber who are fond of whaling.  
I won't lose caste by fearing Fortune's frown,  
Something may cast up, if I'm not cast down.

*(dog howls without.)*

What's that ? It surely was a howl at sea,  
Some dog-fish met with a catastrophe. *(bark.)*  
And there's a bark.

*The PRINCESS ROSETTA and FRETILLON appear, floating on the mattress in the distance, R.*

And something like the sort o' bed  
That Dr. Arnott calls a water bed.  
Murder, alive ! There's some one alive on it !  
A woman, by the powers—without a bonnet !  
And some queer looking cur as green as Erin  
That howls worse than ten Paddies at a berrin !  
Faith then an Irishman was never known  
On land or sea to let a girl alone.  
When she's in trouble too—where's my boat hook ?  
I'll get her safe ashore by hook or crook.



And spite of all that surly puppy's snarling  
Rescue the darling—like a male Grace Darling!  
(*takes a boat hook from hut, and wading into the water,*  
*L. U. E., catches the mattress as it approaches the shore,*  
*and drags it on to the beach*)  
Come out of that entirely!

ROSETTA. Noble stranger!  
Who to our rescue rushed—despising danger—  
Accept the warmest thanks can emanate  
From a damp damsel in a famished state,  
And swell the gratitude already due  
By ordering breakfast instantly—for two.

O'DONT. (*aside*) Breakfast for two!—faith, I'd be glad  
to see

Breakfast for one—'twould suit me to a T.

ROSETTA. You hesitate—you guess my rank—and fear  
That I may look for delicacies here;  
But I assure you, no. The plainest thing—  
Of a roast chicken, just the liver wing—  
A *patieé de foie gras*—or, if you please,  
A cutlet, simply dressed, *a la soubise*—  
With chocolate and tea—or one, or both,  
I'm not particular—

O'DONT. I'll take my oath  
You're not—no more am I—so pray walk in—  
(*aside*) There's nothing of the cat left but the skin.  
And, faith, 'twill take a deal of artful dodging  
To find a bit of board about the lodging.

ROSETTA. Come, Fretillon, my faithful friend canine,  
You need but meat—you furnish your own *whine*.

O'DONT. Walk in, and take—all I've to give—a seat,  
While I go fish for something you can eat.

ROSETTA. Fish for it! Have you nothing in your cup-  
boards?

O'DONT. No, faith! they're all as bare as Mother Hub-  
bard's.

ROSETTA. Then my poor dog, who begs but for a bone,  
Like that respected lady's, will have none.

O'DONT. It is too true an evil—gone the meat is,  
And here I live on point—without potatoes!

ROSETTA. O fate! on what inhospitable shore  
Have we been cast!

O'DONT. Peacockia—

ROSETTA. Hah! Once more  
For pity's sake, kind friend, repeat that name!

O'DONT. Peacockia!

ROSETTA. Where King Argus reigns?

O'DONT. The same!

ROSETTA. Mysterious destiny! Do you speak true?

O'DONT. I'm under the impression that I do!

ROSETTA. Then know before you stands your queen elect.

O'DONT. (*aside*) Poor soul!—a little crazy, I expect.

ROSETTA. How far is't to the palace?

O'DONT. Scarce a league—

ROSETTA. Too far for one just sinking with fatigue.

But you, dear dog, whom nature has provided  
With two more legs than she to me confided,  
Run to the royal kitchen, and thence bring  
The dantiest dish they'd set before the king.

O'DONT. She must be crazy—stop!—I tell you what,  
Don't send him—if you do—you'd better not.

(*aside*) I'll humour her! (*aloud*) His majesty, at  
present,

Is pleased to be uncommonly unpleasant—  
There's something sticking in his jocular vein,  
Which, in his temper, gives him a bad pain.  
And joking, when a man is not the least for it—  
To lose his dinner, don't improve his taste for it.

ROSETTA. Why what has fallen out?

O'DONT. Himself, with two  
Young chaps now fast in jail.

ROSETTA. What did they do?

O'DONT. They tried to do the king—about a wife;  
And soon in turn—they'll each be tried for life!

ROSETTA. About a wife—two youths—in prison, oh!  
They are my brothers, sir!

O'DONT. You don't say so.

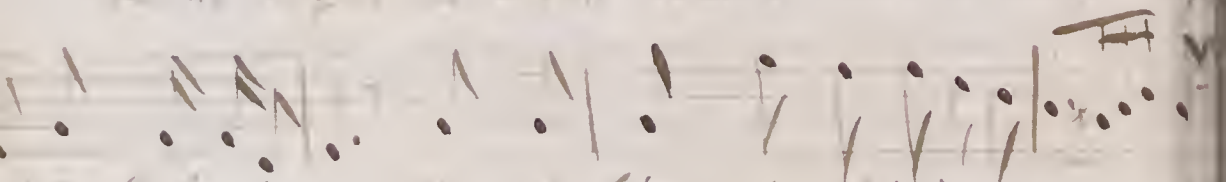
ROSETTA. Dear Fretillon, run—do as you are bid;  
Take in your mouth that basket (*pointing to one at  
the door of the hut, R.*) with a lid;  
Fill it with all the best things you can find—  
Fish, flesh, and fowl—"leave not a wreck behind."  
Quick go—and quick return.



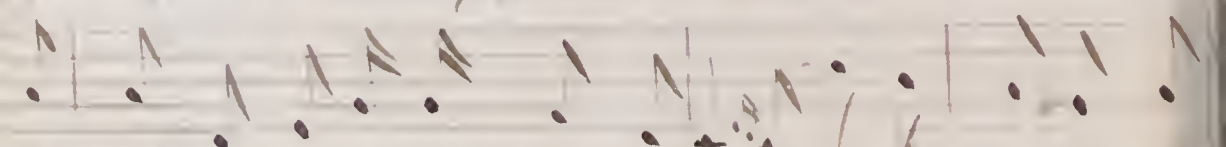
2-act - 2 scene Ex 1



He is on a most secure and safe journey



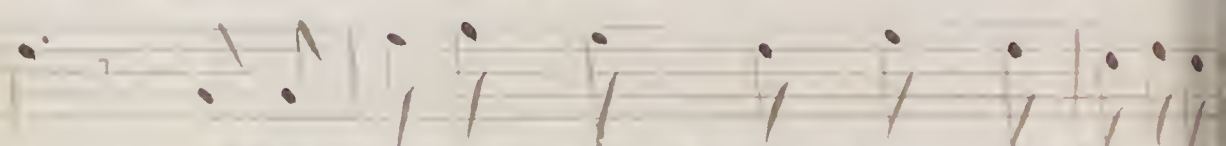
My father! My father is here - to



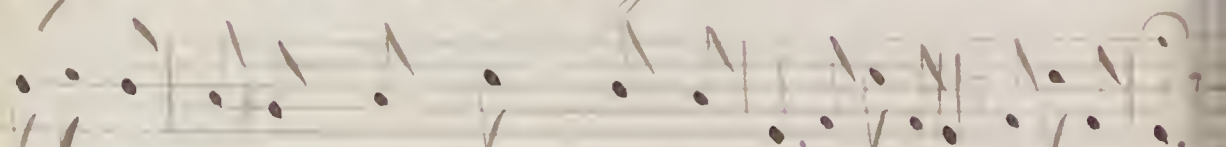
My father being present I have taken things



to make calm to Sforzato to new time to be



day I have taken things to make calm a



to Sforzato to time to ever



when affairs become that age to to be Sforzato



Don'ts must play & they shortly & they to obli



to to set the liberty to a new



O'DONT. He'll make nought of it—

There may be quick return—but little profit.

ROSETTA. If there be not, I'll give you leave to say,  
That I'm no prophet. Hie, good dog! Away!

AIR,—ROSETTA.—“Clar the Kitchen.”

This basket, tuck it underneath your nose,

And away to the kitchen as I propose;

And out of that be sure you bring,

Of every dish the nicest thing.

Clar the kitchen—roast meat—boiled meat,

Bold Fretillan never tire!

*Exeunt.*

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SCENE SECOND—*Plume Chamber in the Palace of*  
KING ARGUS.

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*Enter* KING ARGUS, L.

AIR,—ARGUS.—“Il segreto.”

I'm no longer in mood amoroso,

I am growing I feel furioso!

My patience is diminuendo,

My choler becoming crescendo,

I have taken things much too calmato,

Sforzato 'tis time to essay.

When affairs become thus agitato

Con spirito—Monarchs must play;

Or they shortly may be obligato,

To cut, precipitato, away!

*Enter* PAGE, L.

ARGUS. How now, what's up? You look quite pale and sickly.

PAGE. Sire, the head cook demands an audience, quickly.

ARGUS. The head cook! Then the matters grave, or gravy.

I'll see him straight—admit the slave or slavy.

*Exit* PAGE.

—Although sometimes denied great princes to,  
I always see my cook—a cordon bleu!

*Enter SOYEZ TRANQUILLE.*

—ARGUS. Now Monsieur Chef, the matter?

SOYEZ. *(kneeling)* O, mon, roi!

As de girl sing—"Grace—Grace pour moi!"

—ARGUS. Grace!—you mean grease I fancy, but enough.

Come, cleanse your bosom of this kitchen stuff.

What have you done?—the roast to rags, or boiled

The fish too much, or the ice-pudding spoiled,

That thus for pardon at our feet you kneel?

Speak, we are merciful—Soyez Tranquille. *(rises)*

SOYEZ. Mille fois pardon, encore, most gracious king.

I am artiste, I never spoil noting.

As cook, my gloire, my honneur is sans tache!

Je suis Francois, I could not be so lache

To live if I should spoil von bagatelle;

I fall on my couteau a-la Vatel!

—ARGUS. Then what has happened?

SOYEZ. *Majesté, I freeze*

I am frappé de glace sire, if you please,

Vid terreur and despair!—as Shakespere

Make say de Scocheman, "Let not your ear

Despise my tongue for ever—dat shall fill him

Vid de forced meat of grief—enough to kill him."

Un grand malheur!—

—ARGUS. So much distress at it!—

As t'other Scotchman answers—"Humph! I guess  
at it."

The Dodo! That rare bird—so fine, and fat—

Stolen—and—you'll no doubt say, by the cat.

SOYEZ. No, sire! not by de cat—but by de dog!

—ARGUS. The dog!—the turnspit!—Speak out, you French  
frog!

SOYEZ. No, sire; no turn de spit about de court—

A stranger dog dat came in by de porte,

And ven my dos is to de Dodo—Tien!

He run away vid him!—O sacre Chien!—

—ARGUS. What all my Dodo! All my precious chicken!

SOYEZ. All—every bit of him!

—ARGUS. How 'scaped he sticking?

SOYEZ. Sire! I stick at him—ver moche—but it seem  
He cut his stick, before my stick cut him.

ARGUS. Alive into the oven be he hurled!

There's not another Dodo in the world!

The race is quite extinct—this was the last!

A present to my future from the past,

And I had ordered it myself—vile sinner!

In hopes she might have come in time for dinner.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

PAGE. Sire! all the household is in agitation!

Dairy and kitchen maids in consternation!

Cries of “stop thief” the welkin rend in vain!

SOYEZ. By gar! dat Monsieur Dog's son come again!

ARGUS. Ho! Treachery—let all the doors be locked!

By a vile mongrel shall we thus be mocked!

When not a joint is left a king to feed,

The times are sadly out of joint indeed!

Fetch me my blunderbuss—cram it with slugs—

*Exit PAGE.*

We'll be pugnacious since defied by pugs.

And you, to arms!—Spits, skewers, choppers seizing,

Pursue with the whole *Batterie de Cuisine*!

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE THIRD—*The Royal Kitchen.*

*Enter KING ARGUS, L. E., SOYEZ and COOKS, R.,*

*COURTIERS and SIX GUARDS, L. 1 and 2 E.*

SOYEZ. (*entering*) De coquin dog? He no where to be found!

ARGUS. Send out more scouts and skir the country round!

Has any one proclaimed that lots of tin

Shall be his lot who brings the traitor in?

PAGE. Such proclamation has been made, my liege.

ARGUS. Declare the city in a state of siege,

If any dog about the streets is seen,

Seize him—particularly if he's green!



SOYEZ. Ah, majesté, lend me your royal ear !  
Dis dog, he not so green as he appear !  
He take de hint from all dis grand parade ;  
We must lay wait for him en ambuscade !  
“ First catch your dog,” so Madame Glass you tell,  
And den you dish—

ARGUS. Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Cooks, courtiers, countrymen, like good Jack Horners  
Go hide yourselves in all the chimney corners,  
And there lie dark till you hear me cry “ bo ! ”  
We’ll soon see if ’tis to a goose, or no.

SOYEZ. Jurons ! We swear as in Les Huguenots ! (*they group themselves as in the Opera—a Scullion advances with a basket of rolling pins.*)

KING ARGUS AND CHORUS.—“ Blessing of the Poignards.”—(Huguenots.)

CHORUS.

Vengeance ! we’ll pour on him like hail !  
Vengeance ! sudden and appalling,  
Upon the cur be falling,  
Our grub who would curtail !

KING ARGUS.

Sworn to defend our luncheons,  
On you these trusty truncheons,  
As special favors I bestow.

(*distributes rolling pins.*)

CHORUS.

All are bound by this new tie !  
Yes ! all—will do their duty.  
We can thus, our authority show,  
With a word—and a blow !  
But silence we must keep !  
In whispers only speaking,  
Into your corners creep ;  
The foe will soon come sneaking,  
Revenge upon him wreaking ;



For your cook ! For your king !  
 If we can catch the traitor,  
 The daring devastator,  
 Like a dog, in a string, he shall swing !  
 Hush, and hide,—  
 Softly glide,

In whispers only speaking,  
 Let not a shoe be creaking,  
 Till out we rush.

*(very loud and rushing to front of stage, as in the opera.*

Silence ! Hush !

Boys—make no noise !

*(they all retire and hide—soft music—“Clear the kitchen.”*

*Enter FRETILLON, L., with his basket—he looks cautiously about, then approaching a spit, or stewpan, c., conveys the meat into the basket, and is making off, when the KING cries “Bo !” All rush out. The lid of a saucepan hung over fireplace rises, and FAIRY FAITHFUL appears.*

ARGUS. Ready ! present !

FAITH. Miss !

ARGUS. Fire !

*(all the muskets miss fire accordingly, and FRETILLON avoiding the blows of the other weapons, escapes, L.*

Ratted ! odzooks !

A blunderbuss, indeed !

FAIRY. “Too many cooks !” *Disappears.*

ARGUS. Oh, there is more in this than meets the eeye,

Pursue him instantly with hue and cry !

Take him alive ! and fasten to his tail

A kettle—then let him give you leg bail—

But dog his heels, and where he takes up shelter,

There take up him and all—run, helter skelter.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Hut.*

*Enter O DONT-KNOW-WHO, drawing a table after him, with various dishes on it.*

O DONT. Sure, that green dog’s a greyhound out of place.  
 He’d be the best horse in a steeple chase !

He's won two races in a brace of shakes,  
And from the King's Plate carried off the *steaks* !  
And now the third course he's just walking over !  
Faith, while this lasts we'll live like cows in clover.  
He's done the king out of his dainty dishes !  
Left for the minister no loaves and fishes !  
And that the servants mightn't work the harder,  
He's scoured the kitchen, and cleaned out the larder.  
The mistress has laid down to take a snooze,  
While she sleeps I can eat just what I choose—  
I haven't had so good a chance for ages !  
What's this—an apple tart made of green gages !  
And here's a kickshaw I ne'er saw before,  
It must have come from Savory and Moore !

*Enter MAY-FLY, through window, L. F.*

MAY-FLY. Delicious ! caught the odour passing by,  
And just flew in—

O'DONT. Your sarvant, Mr. Fly.

Sure it's some time since you were the last comer.

MAY-FLY. I went out fly-fishing with you last summer.

O'DONT. Fly-fishing ! faith, of you that's mighty fine.

You wouldn't let me get you in a line.

MAY-FLY. No, to be sure—I only went to look on  
And wasn't in the least inclin'd to hook on.

I think the better boat's a butter boat—

But *apropos* of fishing—what's a-float ?

O'DONT. A-float ?

MAY-FLY. What news ? I have just returned ; and I  
Am, as you know, a very curious fly.

O'DONT. You may say that—well, then, I give you  
warning,

Something uncommon was afloat this morning.

MAY-FLY. Indeed ! what like ?

O'DONT. A damsel and a dog !

Two most illustrious strangers—

MAY-FLY. What, *incog.* ?

O'DONT. *Incog.* ! no, faith, in bed—at least, a top o' one.

MAY-FLY. Alas !

O'DONT. A lass ! yes, and a mighty proper one !

Thrown overboard by an outlandish skipper,  
Who in the ocean had the heart to dip her!

MAY-FLY. What colour was the dog?

O'DONT. Green as a lizard!

MAY-FLY. 'Tis she! Princess Rosetta!

O'DONT. You're a wizard!

For that's exactly what she said herself.

MAY-FLY. Why, then your fortune's made, you lucky elf.

Haste to the king, who mourns, perhaps, her loss.

You'll be made Knight Companion, or Grand Cross.

O'DONT. Faith, night or day companion, I don't care

If I get cash enough and some to spare.

MAY-FLY. You'll prove, no doubt, in either case, a jolly  
one.

*Enter POO-LEE-HA-LEE, L.*

O'DONT. What chap is this?

Poo. A very melancholy one.

MAY-FLY. The captain! or his ghost! Ombre Chinoise!

Ope, if you can, your Chinese lantern jaws!

And in your way, say why you hither wend it!

O'DONT. If he speaks broken China, who's to mend it?

Poo. I am a chap—chap fallen—with Fortune out,  
Who's conscience hanging his heart's neck about,  
Like Gobbo junior's—would the owner strangle,  
If at the yard-arm he'd no right to dangle.

For a policeman vainly did I look

To take me up—so up myself I took—

And if you'll have the kindness to commit me,

They'll find, no doubt, a halter that will fit me.

MAY-FLY. Haven't we met before?

Poo. The talking flyman!

Who drove a bargain with me—

MAY-FLY. Hark'ye, my man,

Where is Princess Rosetta?

Poo. Peace, tormentor!

She's gone to Davy Jones—'twas I that sent her.

O'DONT. Faith, of his locker, then, she found the key—



*Enter* ROSETTA.

POO. Alive, as I'm alive ! oh, that deep sea !  
It can cast up as cleverly as Cocker.

*DOG jumps in at window, L, with saucepan to his tail—a loud knock is heard.*

O'DONT. Thunder and turf ! let go my street door knocker !

*Enter* SOYEZ, COOKS, and COURTIERs, *with a rope.*

SOYEZ. In de king's name, you are my prisoners made here !

Bind dem, two, tree, four, five—both all togeder.

AIR,—“Vive le Roi.”

CHORUS. Swearing death to traitor slave !  
Fly we catch ! dog we draw !  
Soon the king shall beat the knave !  
Vive le Roi ! Vive le Roi !

O'DONT. What's the row ?

ROSETTA. What have we done,  
That we thus are done to ?

POO. To be hang'd I go for one.

MAY-FLY. I'll be hang'd if I do !

SOYEZ. You have all rob-a de king,  
Like de Scotch Rob-a-Roy.  
As Duprez, in “Tell,” he sing,  
“Suivez moi ! Suivez moi !”

CHORUS. Swearing death, &c.

*(they bind ROSETTA, POO-LEE-HA-LEE, O'DONT-KNOW-WHO, MAY-FLY, and DOG all in one line during this chorus, and at the termination of it drag them out prisoners, L.)*



~~Change of air.~~ Change of air.

Floral

O'er-tty d'tt ty most distressing

A change you would be a blessing

I am so weary of misere

ty d'tt ty most distressing A change of

you would be a blessing I am so weary

of misere It is so dreary

Gentle Musician

Send my petition pray go a-way



SCENE FIFTH.—*A Prison.**Enter FLORIZEL.*

FLOR. Here in cold cell, as dark as a coal cellar,  
 Have I been seven days and nights a dweller,  
 Of hopes and fears enduring a variety,  
 Upon that treadmill of the mind—anxiety.  
 From my dear brother, too, half broken-hearted,  
 Upon the solitary system parted—  
 Up to his neck almost in water yonder,  
 The boy they've left as in a pond—to ponder,  
 In such a dripping well incarcerated,  
 Our bonds, no doubt will soon be liquidated.  
 Take warning from our fate all ye whose humours.  
 Lead ye to run astray on simple rumours,  
 For what has brought this peril on my head,  
 The idle tail a peacock chanced to spread.

*Quo. AIR—FLORIZEL.—“Sister Fear”*  
 Sister dear, down thy soft cheek,  
 Fast the tear drops would be stealing;  
 Could'st thou but know how sad the feeling,  
 (Although to own it, may be weak)  
 Which makes the neck uncommon queer  
 I've risked for thee, my sister dear!

Sister dear, to act in court,  
 As your solicitor, I've ventured,  
 And for you an appearance enter'd,  
 Your case determined to support—  
 But you, I fear, will not appear,  
 And they'll sign judgment—sister dear!

*Enter KING ARGUS, admitted by JAILOR.*

ARGUS. Good evening. Don't let me disturb you, pray—  
 You were sol-fa-ing, sir—sol-fa away.

FLOR. Would I were far away—or you were farther.

ARGUS. (to JAILOR) Bolt!—we have business—

*Exit JAILOR.*

*That's true again! must I this torture bear  
 Just as I am dying for a change of air!*

FLOR.

Sanguinary?

ARGUS.

Rather—

But in suspicion—guilt's a general dealer—

The pickpocket thinks every pump a peeler.

FLOR. The hapless mouse—who knows the cruel cat—

Is on the watch—may surely smell a rat.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

ARGUS. It's twelve o'clock, and I've not seen my wife.

That matchless beauty—who may matchless be

For aught I care—since she's no match for me.

FLOR. You mean to say she's not arrived?

ARGUS,

I do;

And therefore I have ordered chops for two. \*

DUO—ARGUS AND FLORIZEL.—“Vien tutto oblio.”

(*Favorita.*)

ARGUS. Yes; you have “fail'd in your truth,”

Like “the beautiful maid,” sir,

Whom I made up my mind to adore,

But whom now I shall never, I shall never see more.

For cutting my heart to the core,

The full price—the full price must be paid, sir;

Such was the bargain we made, sir,

When you sold me—you sold me before.

FLOR. Here's a fine flourish forsooth.

But an error you've made, sir;

Once at least you must see her, before

You can say that you'll see her—that you'll see her  
no more.

For chops it is easy to roar,

But you'll find when they come to be weighed, sir,

Off such prime necks they'll cost more

Than you e'er paid—you e'er paid before. (dog yelps  
without)

ARGUS. What dog is making such a row?

Some new edition sure of “Snarley Yow.”

*Enter SOYEZ TRANQUILLE, L.—and GUARDS with FRE-  
TILLON, POO-LEE-HA-LEE, O'DONT-KNOW-WHO, MAY-  
FLY, and ROSETTA, prisoners.*

\* ——— chops for two

*Tyrant beware how you abuse your powers.  
Chops will cost dear if rob prime necks as ours*

SOYEZ. Victoire! Ah! majesté! See in your power  
 De dog dat did de dodo dare devour!  
 Vid two tree coquins more—and—ecoutez—  
 Von pretty girl—ah!—Gentille á croquer!  
 Among de rest, I instantly detect her,  
 Beautiful sire, ah, sweeter dan my nectar.  
 Avancez, miss! (ROSETTA comes forward.)

ARGUS. O Heavens!

FLOR. What do I see?

You!

ROSETTA. I—myself—

ARGUS. Then she herself is—

ROSETTA. Me!

ARGUS. Rosetta!

FLOR. Sister!

ROSETTA. Brother! (*embrace—to ARGUS*) Husband!

ARGUS. Wife!

Transported I deserve to be for life!

And so I am—if you for life are mine!

“To err is human—to forgive divine!”

ROSETTA. Forgive my favourite then—who prigged your  
 prog—

You know the proverb—“Love me—love my dog!”

ARGUS. With all my heart—I’ll a new order found  
 Of merit—I’ll have Knights of the Green Hound,  
 Dog’s collars they shall wear, and a dog’s star!  
 And this your favourite shall be registrar!

ROSETTA. Pardon beside, this Tom Tug of a Tartar,  
 Who was too drunk to know what he was arter.

ARGUS. What was his crime?—for of it I’ve no notion.

Poo. Don’t mention it—a mere drop in the ocean!

O’DONT. I hope, for nothing, sir, you’ll pardon me!

MAY-FLY. And I’m as innocent as fly can be!

SOYEZ. Me too—so I—Oh, soyez charitable?

ARGUS. Heaven sends us meat—but who sends cooks?

SOYEZ. Diable!

ARGUS. We here proclaim a general amnesty!

MAY-FLY. That’s a good general—

Poo. Generally—

FLOR. (*to ROSETTA*) By whose direction found you out  
 this place?



FAIRY FAITHFUL *appears.*

FAITH. By mine!—The friend of all her royal race.  
Never was good princess in Elfin story!  
But to proteet her was the good Fay's glory.

FAIRY FICKLE *appears.*

You come too late for mischief, Fairy Fiekle!  
FICKLE. What, is there no catastrophe to tiekle!  
Not e'en the author's?

ARGUS. Not if I prevail—  
He points the moral—I adorn the tale—  
Behold the end on't! *(scene changes to*

*Superb Spread and Fairy Festive Hall.*

(OBERON and TITANIA, KING and QUEEN of the  
FAIRIES, rise on their Throne)

Say that we sueceed—  
And make us all as Peacocks proud indeed.

FINALE.—FLORIZEL—"There's a Good Time Coming."

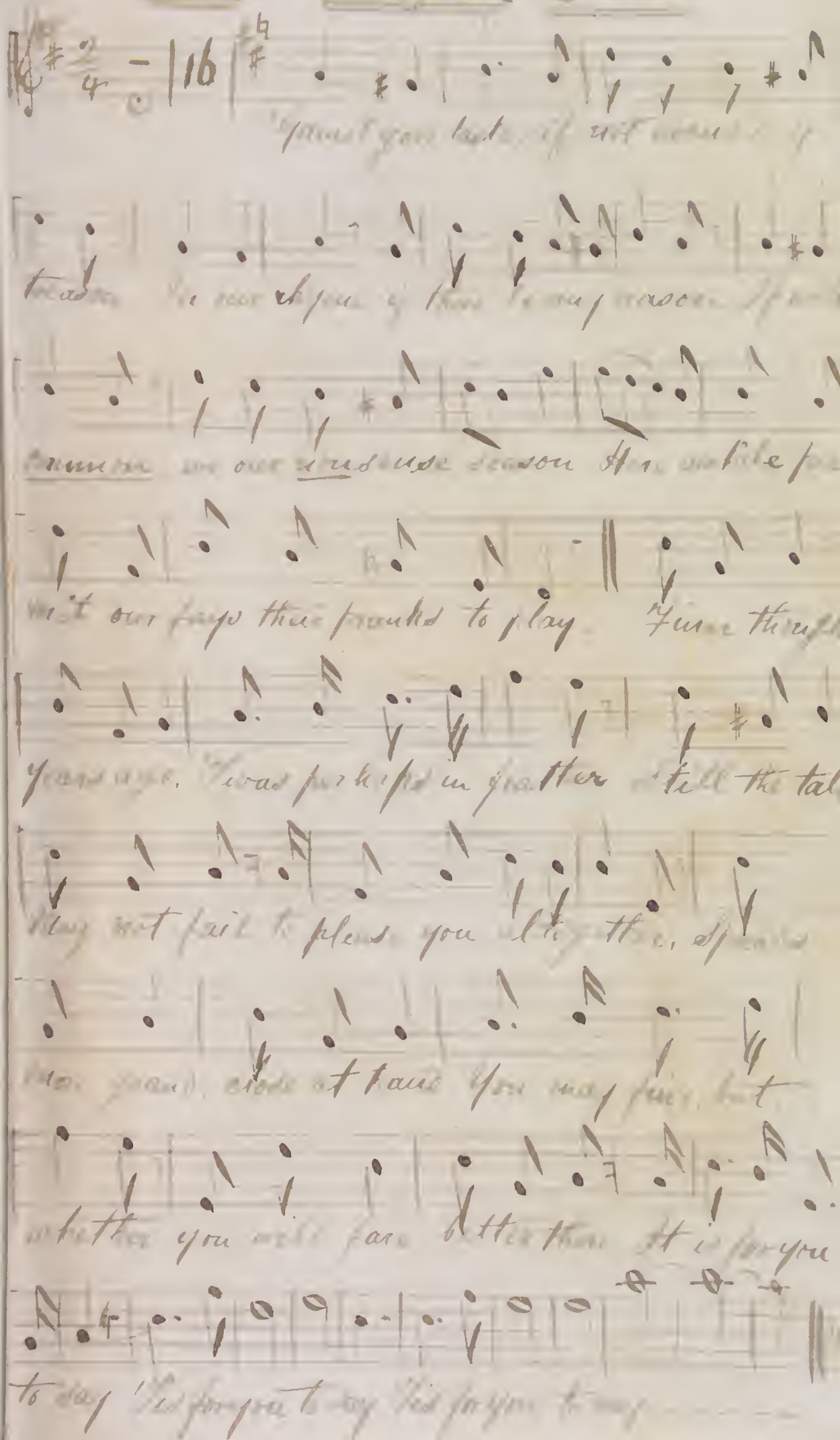
Here's a gay time coming friends,  
A gay time coming;  
Oberon from fairy land,  
Flies for refuge to this Strand,  
With his Elf Queen coming!  
Long he ruled it o'er the brain.  
Till seience proved the stronger—  
Let him, then, in fancy reign,  
*Here a little longer.*

CHORUS. Here's a gay time eoming, friends, &c.

ARGUS. Here's a gay time eoming, friends,  
A gay time eoming,  
Christmas eomes but once a year,  
Every evening, therefore, here,  
In crowds be coming!



Friend and so  
Funk - Floral - 2<sup>nd</sup> Year

A handwritten musical score on aged paper. The title at the top is 'Funk - Floral - 2nd Year'. The score is written in ink and consists of several staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. It includes a repeat sign and the number '16'. The lyrics are written in cursive below the staves. The music features various note values, rests, and bar lines. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and wear.

Must you take, if not would  
trader in our shop of these leaves, reason I  
common in our use season then while for  
with our days these friends to play. Time through  
years ago, I was helped in matter to tell the tale  
they not fail to please you all together, speak  
now grand, close at hand you may find, but  
whether you will pass better than it is for you  
to say 'tis for you to say 'tis for you to say



Since to-night, you've mustered strong,  
 Muster each night stronger—  
 "The Golden Branch" ran very long,  
 Make this—run a little longer.

CHORUS. Here's a gay time coming, friends, &c.

CURTAIN.

---

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

---

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